

# LOUISVILLE EVENING BULLETIN.

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## THE EVENING BULLETIN

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## THE WEEKLY BULLETIN

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TUESDAY, SEPT. 11, 1855.

The junior of the Democrat, in the leading article in that paper of yesterday, explodes like a raging bottle of pop. One might judge from the sound, that the Irish bullet in him was fired off by the explosion, though we have not heard of its killing anybody. He represents, that, after an absence of some time, he has just returned to the city. Why, he returned a week ago. Still he may not mean to lie about this matter. From all accounts, his habitual condition has been such since he came back that he may well be supposed not to know where he was, to be unconscious of place and time, to be ignorant whether he was in Louisville or Chicago, in America or in Europe, in the body or out of the body, in this world or in the next. Of course his testimony as to where he has been or where he is simply good for nothing.

The junior talks about our having been "kicked and cuffed on every side." The presumption is that he has never been kicked except on one "side," and our respect for our readers will hardly allow us to say what "side" that was. We suppose, that, when he speaks of our being "kicked and cuffed," he speaks figuratively—that he means to say we have been kicked and cuffed constructively—means to say that Sag Night editors and Sag Night stump-speakers have "kicked and cuffed" us with pen and tongue at invisible distances. We have no idea in the world how many such "kickings and cuffs" we have had, though we have no doubt the number is very considerable. But if any one thinks he can give the name of the man, living or dead, that ever laid a finger upon us in enmity without either apologising and asking pardon immediately afterwards or quitting the city at less than a half-hour's notice, let him give it; and, if any one imagines that he himself can make the kicking and cuffing experiment upon us and enjoy good health afterwards, we invite him to begin as soon as he can consistently with his perfect convenience. But let him try to be sober at the time, for we should be sorry to have to hurt a drunken man.

The Junior doesn't actually say that his Irish friends didn't shoot him on bloody Monday "just in the place where honor's lodged," but he meanly insinuates that it isn't true. Undoubtedly it is true. We hope therefore that nobody will be so cruel as to kick him, let him be as insulting as he may. To kick the poor fellow where he has a gunshot wound would be inhuman. His calamity is so notorious that even his political friends deem it worthy of mention at their public festivals. In the speech of the late Sag-Night candidate for Attorney General, made at the Powell dinner on Saturday and reported in the Sag-Night Courier of yesterday, we find this touching allusion to the sufferer: "And here is that other knight who received that celebrated shot, where all Know-Nothing shots ought to be received, in the seat of his breeches." Of course the young orator, in saying that all Know-Nothing shots, like that fired at the Junior of the Democrat, ought to be received in the seat, meant to console the poor fellow by making him think that he was wounded exactly where a good and brave Sag-Night should always be. The doctrine must be very comforting to him, for there is but one part of him that a Know-Nothing will ever be able to get a fair shot at. We may expect that he will hereafter, whenever recounting his deeds of valor to an admiring Sag-Night throng, slip down his pantaloons, exhibit his wound as proudly as ever an old war-worn veteran exhibited one in front, and quote with exultation the language of his friend Woolley at the Powell dinner.

The Junior undertakes to give an account of this famous call at our office. He confirms substantially our account, and, where he deviates from it, he deviates just so much from the truth. He did not request Mr. Osborne to tell us that we were a "damned scoundrel," as Mr. Osborne himself can testify. And, if he had done so, the reader can judge whether there would have been any great courage in sending such a message by another when he could have five hundred opportunities a day of saying what he dared to us in person. But his visit to our office was exactly as we have described it. He burst into our counting-room, pale, fierce, and quivering, with his hand upon his pistol, and inquired for us, and, on being told from us that we would see him in but fifteen minutes, he said that he couldn't wait, that he was going to the country, but that he would see us at another time and would settle with us in his own way. He retreated precipitately, and, if the pistol picked up soon afterwards in front of our office didn't hit him, we can't guess at its owner. We hold it as a trophy of our success in scaring a man, but, if it is not called for or sent for soon, we shall offer it for sale at public auction on the spot where it was picked up. If, in the meantime, that Irish bullet shall be extracted from the junior's rump, we shall knock down the

pistol and bullet together, fully expecting that the competition in bidding among persons anxious to increase their collections of curiosities will realize us a very handsome little sum for these hard times. Now if the junior wasn't scared, badly frightened, awfully appalled, we should like to know why he couldn't spend fifteen little minutes to do the dreadful deed he wanted to be thought to have in contemplation, and why he ran at the bare notification of our appearance as if he had seen fifty guns pointed at what his friend Woolley calls the "seat of his breeches;" and why that pistol was dropped; and why, after saying he would see us again and settle matters with us in his own way, he never sought to see us again although he was in the city the whole afternoon of the same day and for several days afterwards and is in the city now. The world can bear us witness that we never make up our minds lightly or upon insufficient evidence, and that, whenever an opinion is to be formed, we weigh facts and circumstances with the most scrupulous care; but we are entirely willing to stake our exalted reputation for candor and sound judgment upon the expression of a deep and abiding conviction, which nought but a miracle can change, that the junior was frightened well nigh to death, and that he hasn't got over his fright since. We suppose many of our readers saw his grandiloquent account of the wondrous chivalry with which he deported himself at the Eighth ward polls on bloody Monday, defying and keeping at bay, as he would have folks think, a whole phalanx of Know-Nothings; but we have it on the best authority, that, in the very midst of his movements there, he threw himself upon his *Masonry for protection*—that he gave the grand signal of distress—that, in his horrible fright, he actually sought safety at the hands of "A SECRET, OATH-BOUND SOCIETY"—and that he said with white lips afterwards that if he hadn't been a Mason he would have been a dead man. If the quintessence of a thousand sheep's livers and calves' plucks and rabbits' gizzards and pigeons' lights can make the heart of a lion, he may be a very chivalric fellow. If he ever again abuses "secret, oath-bound societies" after having, in the hour of his direst terror, fled for protection under the wings of one like a scared chicken under the wings of a motherly hen, we shall certainly be obliged to think him the most ungrateful thing on earth.

We are not disposed to judge harshly of the acts of the junior, for many of them appear to be the result of an infirmity that he perhaps can't overcome. Half the time, yes, three-fourths of the time, he hardly knows what he does. He is a desperately hard drinker. He was the drunkest man in the city on the election day, and his throat is daily a maelstrom of all sorts of bad liquors. No temperance mosquito ever lights on his nose or could without violating the pledge. He wasn't in a condition to get to the ex-Governor's dinner on Saturday, although his friend Woolley took it for granted he was there; and it devolves on us to explain his absence. He went badly intoxicated to Bateman's livery stable in the afternoon and ordered his horse and buggy, the same horse and buggy that had made such capital time in bearing him from our office. The gentlemen at the stable, hoping an airing would sober him, let him take a ride, but he returned after a while, a great deal drunker for the trip. Soon after dark, that is about half-past seven, Mr. C., a highly respectable gentleman, reported to be a leading Know-Nothing, was passing the stable when one of the men in it, a well-known citizen, said to him, "there is a friend of yours out in the back-yard." "Who is it?" said Mr. C. "Suppose you go and look at him," was the reply.—Mr. C. walked back, and there, right on a huge pile of green horse-manure, stretched out like a dead dog or a mass of carrion, lay the miserable junior. Defiled from head to foot with about an equal mixture of the horse-manure and his own, his red and bloated face so covered with vomit as to resemble a half-done beef-steak smothered in scrambled eggs, he lay so motionless that Mr. C., fearing he was dead, put his ear, in spite of the concatenation of stenches and stinks, close down to his mouth to hear if he was breathing. Hearing a low faint breath, evidently almost the last, he called to one of the gentlemen to know why they did not remove the wretched creature to some other place.—Mr. M., the gentleman appealed to, replied that the fellow had been drinking so long that they had lost all manner of sympathy for him. "But," said Mr. C., "he must be removed, else he will never wake; the ammonia, exhaled from the horse-manure, will kill him in less than two hours; he is nearly dead now." With some difficulty, the disgusting task of removing the foul mass of ordure and beastliness was effected; and the thing was laid in a little recess of the stable used as a sleeping-niche for the negroes of the concern. Word was sent to the Democrat office that the thing was there, and that it must be taken away, but the Democrat office returned word that it must remain till it got sober. Mr. C. passed by again two hours afterwards, and, holding his nose, peeped in, and there the thing still lay as unconscious as at first, and very likely it lies there yet. We presume its article in yesterday's Democrat is something that it threw up, vomited, disgorged, while lying in the back-yard. But, whatever it may forget hereafter, it ought at least to bear in mind that its life was saved last Saturday night by a member of the American party, one of the terrible Order of Know-Nothings, and never again speak of the Order except with gratitude and affection. It should remember that its life, its reprieve from

the Devil, has been secured twice in one little month by "secret, oath-bound societies"—first by the Masons in a Know-Nothing peril, and secondly by the Know-Nothings in a horse-dung peril, and devote the rest of its existence to the eulogy of "secret, oath-bound societies."

If any of our fellow-citizens think that we have misrepresented or in the slightest degree exaggerated the affair of Saturday night (one of many), let them inquire either of Mr. C. or of Mr. M. and Mr. B. at the livery stable. And, be it remembered, the fellow, of whose condition we have spoken, is the mail agent of the U. S. Government for the city of Louisville, the personage employed at a high salary by the Postmaster General to superintend the transportation of letters and papers from this point in all directions! How long, oh! Mr. Postmaster General, will you abuse our patience?

KENTUCKY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The exhibition of this society on Saturday completed the series of weekly displays for the present season and brought to a close a succession of entertainments that have proved to be decidedly popular and that have been so well conducted as not to have given birth to a single incident calculated to give offense to the most delicate sense of propriety. We congratulate the managers of this concern on account of their exceeding good fortune.

The leading varieties of the pear were the same that were shown at the meeting of the previous Saturday, and it is sufficient praise to say that there was no falling off in quantity or appearance. Indeed Bartlett's are still growing better; two specimens exhibited on Saturday were respectively 11½ and 12½ inches in circumference. Whilst on the subject of pears, we may say that we have closely watched the contest between the dwarf and standard cultivators of the pear for the mastery in size. Three weeks ago the first Bartlett appeared upon the tables, equal to 11 inches in circumference. These fruits were grown on standards. On the following Saturday the advocates of the dwarf system of growing the pear rallied and produced fruit 11½ inches in circumference, fruits which exceeded all others on show by at least half an inch. At the next and last meeting those very large fruits from standards were brought forward, which leaves the advantage for the present on the side of standards. We should not be impartial reporters however if we did not add that the most beautifully colored plate of Bartlett pears exhibited during the season were grown on dwarf trees.

In peaches we thought we still could discover improvement in both size and appearance over the samples of last week. Indeed we thought Crawford's late Melocoton and Leopold models of a fine peach—whilst Columbia, large Melocoton, and several others were showy and well grown. By the way it seems to us something strange that a peach capable of making such a noise in circles where it has been shown as this Leopold has done now for several seasons (half a dozen having sold on Saturday at the biddings for seven dollars and fifty cents) should never have gotten into the books. In searching for its history some amateurs have looked in vain through the pages of every American work. All that is now known of it here is gathered from the diary of our friend the President of the Kentucky Horticultural Society, who is well known to have made considerable efforts at collecting from all quarters the best fruits in cultivation. His diary shows that in making out, in the Fall of 1844, a large list of desirable accessions, the catalogue of the Kenricks at Newton, near Boston, was drawn upon for this Leopold and some other sorts—and in the same diary of the following Spring, in recording a list of the trees actually received, this Leopold and three other capital sorts, viz: Bullard's Seedling, Hill's Rodman Cling, and Whitehead's new Red Heath are set down as received from Kenrick.

For some weeks, we have noticed in the exhibition hall several rustic flower-vases, gotten up by a German gardener with considerable taste. To those curious in the study of the lower orders of vegetable life, these stands would prove a treasure. They are composed of greater or smaller branches of trees hunted up with care and matched with artistic taste, every branch no doubt having been chosen with a view to swell the rich collection of mosses and lichens which he set out to congregate. We should like to see those stands appear at the annual fair, filled with appropriate flowers. They would be highly unique, and in our opinion well deserving of a gratuity.

We have been requested to state that a resolution passed by the executive committee on Saturday recommends that exhibitors do, as far as convenient, exhibit their tender fruits under glass. It will, they think, be difficult to keep up the beauty and interest of the show without extra care for so long a period as three days.

[For the Louisville Bulletin.]

### SMILES.

When nature o'er the earth doth send  
Dark Winter drear and chill,  
We see the pine and cedar then  
Retain their verdure still.  
Thus—when dark Fate her blight doth send  
Upon our hearts doth fling,  
There yet is always something dear  
Will fondly to us cling,  
And to us it will then appear,  
Of all the brightest thing.

When the huge tower with all its might  
Hath crumbled to decay,  
The clinging ivy green and bright,  
Doth with it fondly stay.  
Thus—no one in this world of ours,  
But what hath something dear,  
Which will, when clouds portentous lower,  
A beacon bright appear,  
To cheer him in his darkest hour,  
And drive away the tear.

OWENSBORO, Aug. 3, 1855.

IS THE ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS SINCERE?—If the people of Massachusetts had the unquestioned power to abolish slavery in this country, and if a vote were taken in two months from this time whether they would exercise that power or not, we believe they would decide against abolition. We arrive at this conclusion merely from believing that the people of Massachusetts possess a full share of that saving knowledge, that hard common sense, that thriftiness of character, which would deter them from sacrificing their own immediate, well-established interests, paralyzing their own industry, and ruining their own commerce and navigation merely to establish an abstract proposition or carry out a theory. They would count the cost of the philanthropic luxury and find it too expensive.

The abolition of slavery involves the question whether the wants of mankind can be supplied after slave labor has ceased to exist? Wherever the experiment has been made of substituting free for slave labor in low latitudes, it has signally failed; and the most enlightened opinion is, that it will always fail. At all events, it is the duty of those, who seek the abolition of slavery, to show that free labor is capable of supplying the demand for cotton, sugar, rice, tobacco, hemp, &c., if their favorite scheme should be carried out to its full consummation. We have the testimony of the most eminent political economists of Great Britain, to the effect that a failure of the supply of cotton for even one year would ruin the mass of the people of that country. It would stop the manufacturing, throw out of employment two millions of people, and cause thousands of ships to rot in the docks. The same things would happen in New England, though on a smaller scale.

A Boston paper some weeks ago gave an account of a village in Massachusetts called Holyoke, that derives all its importance from its cotton manufactures. Here is what is said of this small town:

There are three cotton mills in Holyoke, employing 458 males and 1,035 females; and during the year ending the 1st of June, 1855, 4,267,985 pounds of cotton were consumed, 12,617,119 yards of 7½ inches of cloth manufactured, the gross value of which was \$1,161,178. Besides this, 108,000 pounds of yarn, valued at \$20,000, were made. During the same time \$325,000 worth of machinery was manufactured, giving employment to 300 hands. The quantity of stock used in the paper mill was 175 tons, quantity of paper manufactured 125 tons, and value of the manufactured article \$50,000. Value of cotton and woolen cards manufactured, \$30,240; of piano and card wire, \$14,000; of power loom harnesses, \$5,000; and of power loom reeds, \$1,200.

We have here the evidence that Holyoke is a thriving place, and that its inhabitants are busy, industrious, prosperous people, whose prosperity arises from the application of their labor to the products of slave labor. It appears that 1,493 persons derive their support exclusively from the proceeds of the employment which the manufacture of raw cotton affords. At a reasonable estimate, each of the persons so employed supports two others—composed of children, aged, or infirm parties. This would make the grand total of individuals sustained by cotton, 4,479. We find, also, that 4,267,985 pounds of raw cotton were manufactured during the year ending on the 1st of June, 1855, making seven and a half miles of cotton cloth, valued at \$1,161,178; 108,000 pounds of yarn were also spun during the same period. Flowing directly from the manufacture of cotton—for there would have been no necessity for machinery without cotton—we find that \$325,000 worth of machinery was made, giving work to 300 hands. Assuming that our former calculation is correct, and that each of those hands supported two other persons, we have 900 persons, which, added to the number above given, 4,479, make a complete total of 5,379 human beings maintained and supported directly and indirectly by fabricating the slave grown staple of the Southern States. The other branches of industry enumerated probably gave employment to one or two hundred additional persons.

The probabilities are, that Holyoke is the abode of abolitionists of the most rampant and offensive character. They probably speak of Southern slaveholders as atrocious villains who violate God's law, disgrace themselves, and degrade humanity. Yet these same people buy slave-produced cotton and fabricate it into materials from which they make great profit and become rich; and, pretending to see no harm in this, they complacently thank the Lord that they are not like the slave-owners. If these people were as righteous as they affect to be, they would perceive that they, the consumers, are equally culpable with the producers of these slave made articles. The receiver of stolen goods, knowing them to be such, is as bad as the thief; and these fabricators of slave products are as bad as the producers. It is clearly apparent that Holyoke would be nothing without slave-grown cotton. The same may be said about every manufacturing city and village in the State. Without slave-grown cotton Lowell would wither into nothingness sooner than did Jonah's gourd. So would Lawrence. So would innumerable other affluent and improving points. Nearly one hundred millions of invested, and now profitable capital, would become worthless, and thousands and tens of thousands, if not hundreds of thousands of people, would be thrown out of employment, should an event they seem most desirous to bring about—the abolition of slavery—be accomplished.

Is there any one who believes then, that, with these known results, this certain ruin staring them in the face, the people of Massachusetts would sacrifice themselves to destroy African slavery? Not they! The magnitude of the responsibility would appal them, and they would shrink from it with horror. Political Abolitionism may do for politicians to play for power with; it may afford themes for preachers to expatiate on with exquisite pathos and exaggerated sensibility; it may do for old men and wo-

men to talk about over their cups of brandy or tea; but, when people are called on to decide whether they will sacrifice their industrial pursuits, destroy their commerce, and dispense with the comforts of life to accomplish the abolition of negro slavery they will refuse to indulge their philanthropy at any such cost. Let it be published in Massachusetts that slavery was to be abolished, and with it all the cotton mills were to be closed, and straightway the good people of that blessed land would view slavery in a new light; it would become just and righteous, and the blessings of the institution would be argued in the daily journals, preached from the pulpits, and taught in the schools. Slavery would soon be in the ascendant.

Philanthropy is well enough in its way, but the necessity of being supplied with food and clothing is generally recognized by people as paramount to the indulgence in humane philosophy. Like other luxuries, philanthropy can be indulged in by the masses only when it can be had at a reasonable cost.

## RIVER AND STEAMBOAT MATTERS.

The river has commenced falling rapidly.—Last evening there were not more than 8½ feet water in canal, 6 feet 4 inches in the pass, and 5½ feet on the rocks on the falls. We have nothing later from St. Louis than the dispatch published yesterday morning.

The Cumberland river was falling on Saturday evening with 3 feet water on the shoals.

The renowned packet Rainbow is off for Henderson and Evansville punctually this evening. Passengers will be accommodated in the best style and will meet with every attention.

The Peter Telson is advertised to leave this evening.

By telegraph we learn that the Tishomingo left Memphis on Sunday for this port. She will arrive probably to-morrow and return to Memphis on Friday.

Capt. T. H. Brierty, formerly of the Polar Star, in connection with Major Barrow and T. B. Kercheval, of Brunswick, have contracted for a new boat to be built at Madison, Indiana. The boat, when built, will run as a regular packet between St. Joseph and Bluff City. The hull will be 180 feet long, beam 30 feet. Her engines will have 21 inch cylinders and 6 feet stroke.

The row tug Hornet left Pittsburg on Thursday with seven barges, containing 42,000 bushels of coal; the Alex. Wilson also took eight barges, containing 72,000 bushels. There were three pair of floating boats and two barges for the Cincinnati and Louisville market.

The Sultana arrived from New Orleans last evening. To Mr. Kerby, her attentive clerk, we are indebted for favors. Also, to the officers of the Republic, who forwarded us a package of papers from Cairo.

A new boat built for the Messrs. Meeker, at Mobile, called the Czar, has just commenced running on the Alabama river. She only draws 9 inches light. Her length of keel is 184 feet; length over all 194 feet; 33 feet beam; floor 28 feet; depth of hold 6½ feet.

The Highflyer arrived at too late an hour last evening to start back. She leaves this morning for St. Louis and is a most excellent boat.

We have been requested to call attention to the case of Joseph Huecker, with the hope that he may receive the aid of some benevolent citizens. Mr. H. occupied one tenement on Main street, between Tenth and Eleventh, at the time of the late riots in that neighborhood. He is a cigar-maker, and was not in any way a participant in the riots, but his whole stock in trade was destroyed or rendered useless by the fire and water. He has five young children, the youngest still an infant, and their mother has for a long time been crippled and unable to do anything for them. Mr. H. is willing and anxious to work, and only needs aid to procure the means to recommence business. He is living now at the corner of Market and Fifteenth streets, where those disposed to extend a helping hand may find him.

The Hamilton county (Ohio) Agricultural Fair closed on Saturday with a ladies' riding match. Six ladies, Miss H. A. Drake, of Walnut Hills; Miss M. S. Vorhees; Mrs. Pratt; Mrs. E. S. McGraw, of Cincinnati; and Miss Fisher, of Clarke county, entered the lists at 4 o'clock. The first prize, \$30, was awarded to Miss M. S. Vorhees; the second, \$30, to Miss H. A. Drake; and a diploma and the compliments of the society were voted to Miss Fisher, who, not being a resident of the county, could not compete for the prizes.

We have neglected ere this to notice an omission made in our paper last week in the paragraph in the liquor cases. We spoke of all the counsel in these cases before the city court, except our friend, Capt. Rousseau, who is associated with Mr. Elliott, the city attorney, in the prosecution. Capt. R. made an argument before the court, which is spoken of by all who head him as an able and eloquent effort, evincing great logical research and acumen. The Captain stands in the front rank of the Louisville bar, and has a very extensive practice.

Four prisoners escaped from the jail in New Albany on Friday night. Their names are Bill Cozzen (colored), Wm. Addington, Frank Smith, and Jerry Napper, and were all confined for stealing. Two of them were considered good for the penitentiary. They got out by means of the wire, which they wrenched from some utensil. With the wire they picked a hole by the side of an iron bar, through which they could slip back the bolt that secured the door.











